





too much for that first impression of the place. We get up land, and look to the programme of the day. We have that "big morning" and one in the afternoon, and much to do; but here we are out on board again, looking at the Alumnado, and, as pretty a sight as one could wish... Let us land in a sampán, and in true Victorian larrikin fashion (this is no allusion to our ungraciously selfishness of the "cabbage garden," of course) take a ricksha and be "run round." First, however, we should, perhaps, say a word about the ricksha. This is a slight two-wheeled conveyance, to carry one, or a sort of personal limousine, drawn by a coolie in front. He places himself between the shaft which are joined together with a pole at the end, and, placing one hand on this pole, and the other on one of the shafts, sets off at a smart trot, which he will keep up for a considerable distance. As he proceeds, he emits from time to time a sharp grunting cry, which is to warn walkers out of the way, or occasionally he emits his sharp grunting cry to "stop!" "Somebody in the back!" "The wheel is stuck!" and then, just sometimes, he remarks, "I'm busy," but the Chinese always ignores the even less of his cry, having no sense of the meaning of the Chinese phrase, "I am busy."







